

343 HSM

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Summary: It has happened to misfortunate men everywhere. The horrors it entails are without parallel, without equal. But what if it were to happen to the MC?

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Dr. Halsey shut off the vid screen and clapped her hands excitedly.

"OMG, I totally just LOVE this movie. Isn't it great?! I can't believe you guys had never seen it before, I mean seriously!" She chirped, picking up the brightly-colored High School Musical vid case and putting the disk back in it.

"I know! Isn't Zack dreamy?" Miranda Keyes gazed at the poster of the aforementioned actor on the wall of Dr. Halsey's private movie room as she spoke.

The other three occupants of the room, each sitting in a rigid military manner, were silent. On the far left, Lord Hood of the UNSCDF was looking blankly off into space, not moving or saying anything, in a manner that clearly suggested his mind had suffered a core meltdown and been jettisoned long before. To his immediate left, Sgt. Avery Johnson twitched, his left eye tightening and easing in a rhythmic way. He suddenly emitted a strangled groan from somewhere in the back of his throat and snatched violently for his hip, dragging his service M6D sidearm out of its holster and placing it to the side of his head with shaking hands. He was having trouble finding the trigger, however, and without turning or looking around, Lord Hood reached slowly out to the side and plucked the pistol gently out of the Noncom's hand. He lowered the weapon to the floor and continued to stare aimlessly into space. Johnson sagged in his chair, then suddenly leapt up and made a mad rush at the viewport looking off into deep space on the left of the room. His attempt to hurl himself out it was only stopped very narrowly by both women throwing themselves on him and dragging him back. He collapsed, shivering, on

the deck.

Meanwhile the fifth occupant of the room had done nothing at all. He stared straight ahead, unmoving, his features lost in some unfathomable labyrinth. He could not comprehend at all what he had just had the horrible misfortune to witness. In his world, where the survival of the human race depended on him, he found it unthinkable that such mindless fluff even existed. That any human could possibly believe in such a perfect and unflawed existence as had been showcased in this film. The ideaâ€‘ it was worse than anything he had been through yet. The Covenant, the glassing of Reach, even the Flood. There was no hope, a part of him screamed. All was lost.

But no, he mustn't think that way. He had been trained tough, and now tough he must be.

Standing slowly, John stepped around Sgt. Johnson, who was currently attempting to suffocate himself with his Cuban Cigar, and moved slowly to the vid screen. Reaching down to the cabinet below it, he felt around with his fingers until he found a switch. He flicked it.

The screen glowed to life with a grey orb, into which was engraved a green "x".

Then a giant "3" appeared on the screen.

And Spartan 117 knew everything was going to be all right.

End
file.